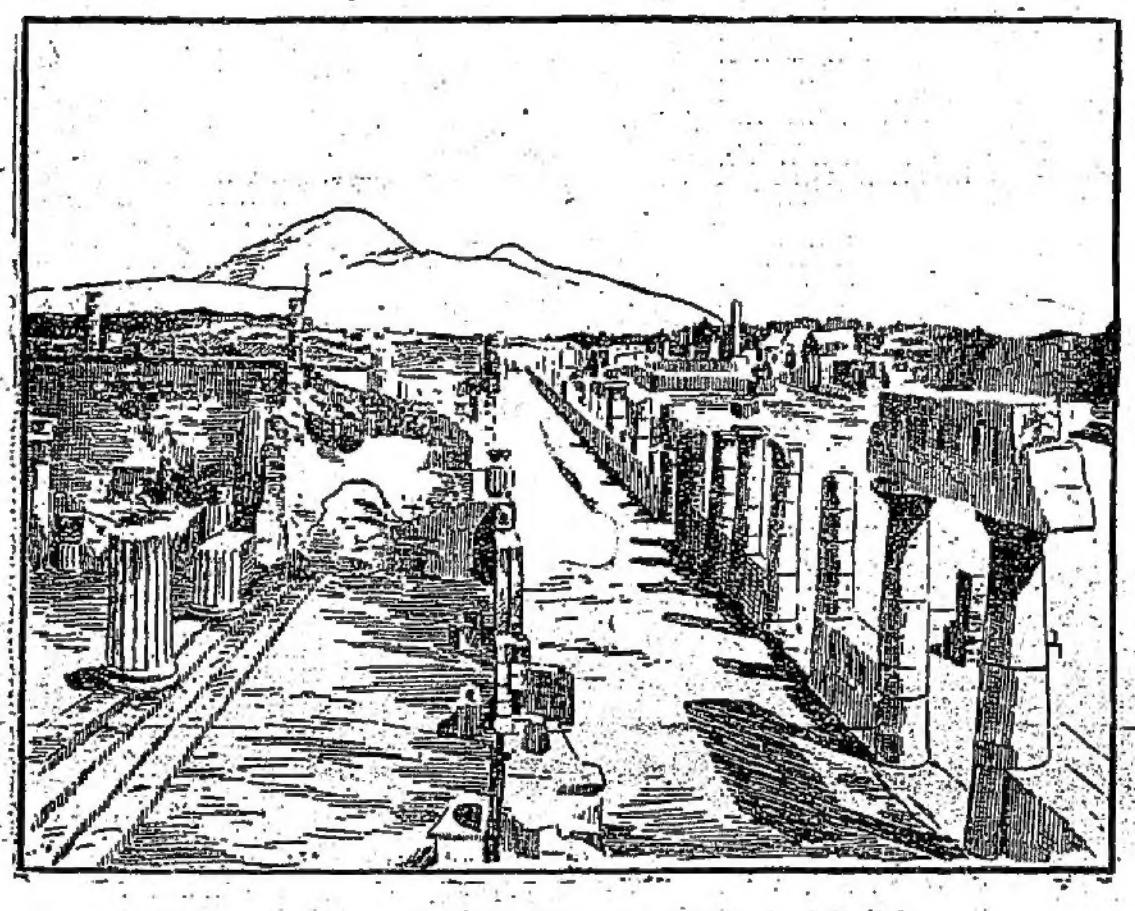
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXV., No. 22. MONTREAL, JUNE 1, 1900. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Pompeii and Vesuvius.

A journey from Pittsburg to Pompeii takes one from the new world into the old, and from one of the busiest hives of modern industry to the tomb of one of the pleasure resorts of antiquity. A wider contrast than is presented by these two cities could hardly be found, and the old buried city cannot fail to be interesting to dwellers in one of the liveliest cities in America.

After securing our carriage we started for a three hours' ride to Pompeii, reaching



RUINS OF POMPEII.

there at noon. Dinner being served, we secured the services of a guide and proceeded through the ruins of Pompeii. Here the work of clearing still continues, as shown in our illustration. The work is done entirely by Italians, and is very laborious, as the lava is hard and tough, very much resembling the slag from one of Pittsburg's furnaces. The state of preservation in which we found the beautiful mosaic and oil-painted walls and interiors of the buildings was a great surprise to us. Our stop in Pompeii was short, as we were anxious to reach Vesuvius. The journey up the mountain was begun by carriage, then by horseback, and lastly by each person being carried in a chair supported by four men. This journey, with its narrow paths and anxious moments, can never be forgotten, but the real anxiety came after nightfall, while being conveyed on the backs of these horrible-looking men. With large staffs in their hands we ascended slowly to the summit. Vesuvius is always interesting whether in repose or action. For about three hundred years it has been the only active volcano in its group. Preceded by earthquakes the notable eruptions began in the year 79. In this ebullition Pompeii was destroyed. The ascent to the mountain top is extremely difficult. The lava is cooled as soon as it reaches the atmosphere, and the sulphur fumes from the steam is very unpleasant. The stream of lava is over a mile in width and follows accurately the depression of the surface over which it flows. At the village of San Sebastino, which it crushed in 1872, the lava is said to be sixty feet thick and firm enough to bear workmen and tourists on the surface, while still red hot underneath. One views with awe the cabin kept by a guide whose name is Palmeri, and which, in 1872, was completely surrounded with molten streams of lava. It was impossible to hear each other speak as we looked down in Vesuvius's open mouth and saw its roaring, boiling lava and sniffed its sulphur fumes. The view from the top of Mount Vesuvius is indescribable, with the Mediterranean reaching out before us and Naples and the Isle of Capri in the distance.

A Marvellous Escape.

Stories of pocket Bibles that have saved life in battle are no novelty; but their commonness does not cheapen them if they are true, and if their moral is not overdone.

In a recent religious meeting in London, a former military chaplain related the experiences of a soldier engaged in the last war with the Transvaal.

His pocket Testament was handed to him on the train while on his way to South Africa with his regiment. He had taken a 'treat' at the station, and, to use his own expression, was 'feeling gay.'

'All right,' he said laughingly to the donor of the book, 'I'll carry it. It'll be good to stop a bullet.'

Some weeks afterwards came the fighting at Majuba Hill, when the young soldier was hit and left lying among the wounded. He regained consciousness while under the surgeon's hands, and heard him say, 'That was a close shave!' A Mauser bullet in his breast had been extracted. It had barely reached his heart, and stopped.

'What is it, doctor?' he whispered, but the busy surgeon had hurried on to his next patient. A Red Cross nurse was there, ministering to the bleeding men, and he beckoned to her and asked her to tell him about his wound. She brought his pocket Testament, which he had carried in his jacket, and showed him a hole through it, made by a deadly lead, and told him how narrow his escape had been. Piercing the book in an oblique direction, the missile had found exactly resistance enough to stop it at the danger line.

For the first time the reckless soldier took an interest in the gift he had accepted with a jest. He remembered with a strange throb the flippant remark he had made in the train. He kept the Testament near him, and in the tedious hours of his convalescence he often turned the leaves and noted the texts which had been crossed by the bullet.

There was one verse that he could not get beyond. The shot had cut through the middle of it, and left its scar there like an index.

'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

Many times a day he read the verse over, and thought about it. His life must have been worth saving, he said to himself, else he would have been underground with his buried comrades. But everlasting life! Something beyond and above fatal wounds! That meant more than the 'accident' that saved one man. God had declared everlasting life to men by Jesus Christ, his Son.

The soldier became the pupil of his book. To believe is to accept. To accept is to be obedient. To obey is to make Christ the example, and his teachings the rule of life. It was no delusion when his heart told him that he was willing to accept this formula and to live by it.

The man who went to the war a scoffer came back changed in moral purpose. He had become a Christian, because he had become a follower of Christ.—'Sunday Companion.'

Bob's Victory.

(By Kate S. Gates, in 'American Messenger.')

Rob Hunter was upstairs in his own room by the window, looking out into the street, but not really seeing what was passing before his eyes.

He seemed to himself to be back in the little farmhouse up among the hills where he was born. He had come to Aunt Helen's in the city only a few weeks before, to work in Uncle Albert's store. It was a fine opening for him, everybody said, but it was all so unfamiliar here that he still felt bewildered at times.

Only a few weeks before he left home he had publicly confessed his faith in Christ. He had hoped to find in the city much that would help him in his Christian life. He had meant to be very true and faithful, but he had not dreamed how hard it would be.

'Be ready to endure hardness like a good soldier,' his mother had said in their last talk the night before he left home. 'And, Rob, don't let anybody tempt you in any way to be unfaithful to your Saviour.'

Over on the table lay an invitation to a

card party. His cousin, Will, just his own age, was going.

'I have never played cards,' Rob said when the invitation came, his face flushing painfully.

'Oh, never mind that,' answered Will. 'I'll coach you up a little, beforehand, and you'll soon catch on.'

Rob had said nothing more then, but he knew that he must decide now what he would do. He knew perfectly well his mother's views on the subject.

'Card-playing has wrought so much evil in the world that I don't want ever to see a card,' she had said once. 'I believe that cards are dangerous even when played under the most favorable circumstances. More than that, it has never seemed to me that one who is living very near to Christ will care for them; he will have better things to think of and to do.'

Rob recalled every word of that conversation now as he stood looking out of the station. It was growing upon him that his mother was right. These things did lead one away from Christ; but, oh, how hard it would be now to come out bravely and stand by his colors!

'They will make all manner of fun of me,' he said to himself. 'They are church members, too, and the idea of my telling them what is right and what is wrong!'

Rob turned away from the window, and picking up a paper, sat down to read, The first thing his eye rested upon was this: 'It is nothing to die, but you cannot afford to do wrong.'

The paper dropped from his hands. Were the words a message from God to him? Could he afford to do wrong?. Could he afford to grieve his Saviour merely to escape a little ridicule? No, surely he could not; but it was a fight, after all, for him. Satan tried to tempt him.

'You need only play now and then, just enough not to look odd. You must not be discourteous to your friends. You have a duty to them also.'

But finally Bob conquered.

'It is dangerous ground; there is a precipice there, and, God helping me, I won't go one step towards it,' he said firmly.

'Come into the library, Rob,' said Will after supper, 'and I will give you a few points on the game.'

'Thank you, Will, but I think I won't learn. I'm trying to follow Christ, and somehow I—can't make such things seem like following him.'

Will did not laugh, as he expected; for a minute he did not answer, then he spoke more soberly than Rob had ever heard him before.

'You are right, they are not following Christ, and I hope you will stick to your resolution and have nothing to do with them. If you really are following Christ, it seems to me that you ought to live so that those who are not can see some difference between you and us.'

That was all, but Rob was more than thankful that he had stuck to his colors.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

June 3, Sun.—Serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul.

June 4, Mon.—The heaven and the heaven of heavens is the Lord's.

June 5, Tues.—Love ye therefore the stranger.

June 6, Wed.—Take heed to yourselves that your hearts be not deceived.

June 7, Thur.—Lay up these my words in your heart.

June 8, Fri.—As the days of heaven upon the earth.

June 9, Sat.—Ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God.

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of May 1:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged		$543 95
Mrs. W. R. Knox		1.00
R. J. Killins		1.00
Thomas Beggs		1.00
In His Name, Hill Crest		1.25
C. E. Societies of Ottawa Union, per Mrs. A. Botterell:		
McLeod Street Methodist	$8.50	
First Congregational	6.45	
Quarries (undenominational)	5.66	
Eastern Methodist	5.50	
Miss Wilkinson's S.S. class, Eastern Methodist	2.00	
Erskine Presbyterian	2.00	
		30.11
Collection Dewittville C.E. Society		5.00
Collection Guilds Sunday School		10.00
Per St. Martin's Church		2.00
Mrs. Benjamin Gillespie		1.00
E. F.		1.00
Collection Westmount Methodist Church on Good Friday morning		19.00
Friend, Montreal		2.00
Mrs. W. H. Windsor		5.00
Church collection, Hiawatha		.90
I.H.N.		6.00
A Friend, Calumet		1.00
Mrs. Rendall		1.00
D. Thomson		1.00
Leamington W.C.T.U.		7.00
A Friend, Gresham		1.00
L. M. Parsons		.10
A Friend, Nairn		1.00
F. Roward		1.00
Eveline L. Hog		1.00
Horace Mures		1.00
M.M.W.		.50
Alice Burns		.10
Ernie Burns		.10
Ephy Bowman		.10
Herbert Bowman		.10
N.A.L., N.S.		2.00
S.E.M.		1.00
A Friend, Manitoba		1.00
Mrs. R. Grant		1.00
Mrs. E. F. Hughes		.50
Thomas Sproull		1.00
Mrs. Ida E. Smith		1.00
Mrs. G. T. Johnston		1.00
A.H.D.		3.00
Hope		2.00
Mrs. I. McN.		2.00
Mrs. Nelson Scholm		1.21
John Kennedy		18.00
Collected by Stanley Sims, Melbourne, Ont.:		
Matthew Sims	.25	
Stanley Sims	.20	
Cyrus Healy	.50	
Burton Wilkins	.25	
J. S. Fowler	.25	
J. J. Fowler	.20	
J. D. Lawrence	.25	
W. M. Lawrence	.25	
Mrs. W. M. Lawrence	.50	
		2.65
Collected by Jennie Sims, Melbourne, Ont.:		
Mrs. Matthew Sims	.25	
Jennie Sims	.10	
Mabel Sims	.10	
John Greenwood	.10	
Hollands	.50	
Miss Dunbar	.25	
Mrs. Wm. Sims	.25	
Mrs. John Phillips	.20	
Mrs. Wheeler Fowler	.25	
		2.00
Mrs. Sarah Hamilton		2.00
X.Y.Z.		5.00
Sweetsburg		5.00
Two Friends, Mistawasis		6.00
T. A. Macfarlane		5.00
Mrs. Wm. Clysdale		1.00
M.G.B.W.		1.00
George Garrow		1.00
Mrs. C. Chinneck		1.00
C. Chinneck		1.00
A Friend, Smith's Falls		2.00
A 'Witness' Reader, St. Louis Station		1.00
Friend		1.00
Wm. Beatty		3.00
Alfred Truman		10.00
Gordon Hurlbert		4.00
Robert Turnbull		1.00
R. W. Wilson		1.00
A.L.M.		2.00
Mrs. Owens		1.00
M.B. and A.B.		5.00
Wm. Francis		2.00
A. J. Francis		2.00
Ella Francis		1.00
Mrs. C. Stoutenburg		1.00
In His Dear Name		1.00
Mabel Woods		.50
Contributions by the members of the congregation of the Methodist Church at Mystic, Que.—		
James H. Capsey	$1.00	
Mrs. J. H. Capsey	5.00	
J. P. Capsey	.50	
George Capsey	2.00	
Mary Atkinson	1.00	
I. E. Tree	.25	
Caroline Bockus	1.00	
David Watson, jr.	1.00	
Mrs. David Watson	1.00	
Willie Watson	.50	
Mr. and Mrs. George Sulley and Minnie Sulley	5.00	
Mrs. A. Boffin	1.00	
Miss A. B. Gage	2.00	
D. E. Palmer	1.00	
Helen Atkinson	1.00	
Mrs. C. J. Phelps	.50	
Leonard Rosenberger	1.00	
Mrs. W. L. Smith	1.50	
Mrs. A. S. Walbridge	2.00	
Arnold Bockus	1.00	
Miss Goodfellow	1.00	
Rev. G. H. Williams	1.00	
Hollis Vaughan	1.00	
Edwin Vaughan	.50	
O. C. Proctor	.50	
I. Unwin	1.00	
For His Sake	2.00	
Malcolm C. Vaughan	.75	
Mrs. James Boomhower	.25	
J. M. Burnett	.50	
Mrs. Judson Bockus	1.50	
W. W. Watson	.50	
J. E. Watson	1.50	
From a Friend	.50	
S. Fairfield	1.00	
Mrs. T. C. Reid	2.00	
Mrs. L. L. Smith	1.00	
A. E. Bockus	.25	
Mrs. C. C. Stone	.35	
H. M. Stone	1.00	
A. M. Kemp	.25	
Ernest Ruesell	.25	
Mrs. E. C. Russell	.50	
George Suggett	1.00	
Francis Welch	.25	
John Thompson	1.00	
Myron Schoolcraft	1.00	
Joseph Sawyer	.50	
		52.10
Mrs. Britton		1.00
Mrs. McMillen		.25
Total		$803.42
Less, divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:		
To Can. Presbyterian Missions.	$272.57	
To Chris. Alliance Missions.	180.25	
To Am. Board of Missions.	62.47	
To Meth. Episcopal Missions.	17.41	
To Southern India Famine Fund (G. S. Eddy)	11.25	
		543.95
Total		$259.47

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat—

Previously acknowledged	$1,354.54
Sydney Wyatt	1.00
An Easter Gift	1.00
M. Templeton	12.00
S.M.B	10.00
C. B.	1.00
Part of undesignated amounts	180.25
	$1,559.79

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of May 8:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged	$259.47
A Reader of the 'Witness,' Welland.	5.00
Country Friend	2.00
A. Rawlin	.50
A Friend, Farnham Centre	3.00
Three Friends, Melbourne Ridge	3.00
Chester Fleming	.25
Sombra Union C.E. Society	6.00
Mrs. James R. Grant	2.00
A Friend, Passifern	1.00
J. T. Hinslop	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Calder	7.00
A.W.	1.00
D. G. U. A. M.	7.00
A Friend, Montreal	5.00
M.J.D.	1.00
Junior Endeavorers of Braemar	1.25
J. E. Menzies and M. Menzies	10.00
Collected in Minesing, Ont., per A. Ronald, jr., secretary-treasurer	88.33
Inasmuch, Belmont, Man.	3.00
Sunday school class, Blake	1.00
Anonymous, Fitch Bay	1.00
Mrs. J. D. McNab	1.00
J. D. McNab	1.00
Edith Ariel Moore	1.10
A Friend, Woolwich	10.00
Mrs. A. C. Havill	.70
Wm. Calder	4.00
H. Silversides	2.00
Mother and Daughter	2.00
W. R. Smith	10.00
Alex. Smith	5.00
Mrs. Wm. Pennock	1.00
Miss V. De Long	1.00
J.B.M.	.77
A Friend, Nobleton	1.00
Members and Friends of Sylvan Valley Sabbath School	3.00
M. E. Fortune	5.00
Wm. Cockerline	1.00
Wm. Rodger	1.00
Iroquois W.C.T.U.	5.00
Mizpah Sabbath School	10.00
A Sufferer, St. John	5.00
Army Vet	1.00
B. Durrell	1.00
Charles L. Ford	1.00
Anon	2.00
M.G.	.10
Miss Belle Estabrooks	2.00
A. Sutton	5.00
Contributed by Friends in Scott's Bay	6.00
C. M. Robertson	3.00
A Friend	1.00
Portneuf Presbyterian Mission	12.00
George H. Carter	1.00
Mrs. T. J. Oakes	1.00
J. S. Abrams	1.00
Total	$527.47
Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received:	
To Can. Presbyterian Miss.	$120.40
To Christian All. Mission	80.52
To Am. Board of Missions	27.28
To Meth. Epis. Mission	10.27
To Southern India Fund	21.00
	259.47
Total	$268.00

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat—

Previously acknowledged	$1,559.79
Kagawang Union Sabbath-school	13.10
Collection Thessalon Sunday-school	5.00
Congregational Sunday-school, St. John, N.B.	13.79
Pipestone Union Sunday-school	40.00
Part of Undesignated amounts	80.52
	$1,712.20

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

We were a quiet combination. Old 'Beetles,' whose nickname was prophetic of his future fame as a bugman, as the fellows irreverently said; 'Stumpy' Smith, a demon bowler; Polly Lindsay, slow as ever and as sure as when he held the half-back line with Graeme, and used to make my heart stand still with terror at his cool deliberation. But he was never known to fumble nor to funk, and somehow he always got us out safe enough. Then there was Rattray—'Rat' for short—who, from a swell, had developed into a cynic with a sneer, awfully clever and a good enough fellow at heart. Little 'Wig' Martin, the sharpest quarter ever seen, and big Barney Lundy, centre scrimmage, whose terrific roar and rush had often struck terror to the enemy's heart, and who was Graeme's slave. Such was the party.

As the supper went on my fears began to vanish, for if Graeme did not 'roar,' he did the next best thing—ate and talked quite up to his old form. Now we played our matches over again, bitterly lamenting the 'if's' that had lost us the championships, and wildly approving the tackles that had saved, and the runs that had made the 'Varsity crowd go mad with delight and had won for us. And as their names came up in talk, we learned how life had gone with those who had been our comrades of ten years ago Some, success had lifted to high places; some, failure had left upon the rocks, and a few lay in their graves.

But as the evening wore on, I began to wish that I had left out the wines, for the men began to drop an occasional oath, though I had let them know during the summer that Graeme was not the man he had been. But Graeme smoked and talked and heeded not, till Rattray swore by that name most sacred of all ever borne by man. Then Graeme opened upon him in a cool, slow way—

'What an awful fool a man is, to damn things as you do, Rat. Things are not damned. It is men who are; and that is too bad to be much talked about. But when a man brings out of his foul mouth the name of Jesus Christ'—here he lowered his voice—'it's a shame—it's more, it's a crime.'

There was dead silence, then Rattray replied—

'I suppose you're right enough, it is bad form; but crime is rather strong, I think.'

'Not if you consider who it is,' said Graeme with emphasis.

'Oh, come now,' broke in Beetles. 'Religion is all right, is a good thing, and I believe a necessary thing for the race, but no one takes seriously any longer the Christ myth.'

'What about your mother, Beetles?' put in Wig Martin.

Beetles consigned him to the pit and was silent, for his father was an Episcopal clergyman, and his mother a saintly woman.

'I fooled with that for some time, Beetles, but it won't do. You can't build a religion that will take the devil out of a man on a myth. That won't do the trick. I don't want to argue about it, but I am quite convinced the myth theory is not reasonable, and besides, it won't work'

'Will the other work?' asked Rattray, with a sneer.

'Sure!' said Graeme; 'I've seen it.'

'Where?' challenged Rattray. 'I haven't seen much of it.'

'Yes, you have, Rattray, you know you have,' said Wig again. But Rattray ignored him.

'I'll tell you, boys,' said Graeme. 'I want you to know, anyway, why I believe what I do.'

Then he told them the story of old man Nelson, from the old coast days, before I knew him, to the end. He told the story well. The stern fight and the victory of the life, and the self-sacrifice and the pathos of the death appealed to those men, who loved fight and could understand sacrifice.

'That's why I believe in Jesus Christ, and that's why I think it a crime to fling his name about!'

'I wish to Heaven I could say that,' said Beetles.

'Keep wishing hard enough and it will come to you,' said Graeme.

'Look here, old chap,' said Rattray; 'you're quite right about this; I'm willing to own up. Wig is correct. I know a few, at least, of that stamp, but most of these who go in for that sort of thing are not much account.'

'For ten years, Rattray,' said Graeme in a downright matter-of-fact way, 'you and I have tried this sort of thing'—tapping a bottle—'and we got out of it all there is to be got, paid well for it, too, and—faugh! you know it's not good enough, and the more you go in for it, the more you curse yourself. So I have quit this and I am going in for the other.'

'What! going in for preaching?'

'Not much—railroading—money in it—and lending a hand to fellows on the rocks.'

'I say, don't you want a centre forward? said big Barney in his deep voice.

'Every man must play his game in his place, old chap. I'd like to see you tackle it, though, right well,' said Graeme earnestly. And so he did, in the after years, and good tackling it was. But that is another story.

'But I say, Graeme,' persisted Beetles,' 'about this business, do you mean to say you go the whole thing—Jonah, you know, and the rest of it?'

Graeme hesitated, then said—

'I haven't much of a creed, Beetles; don't really know how much I believe. But,' by this time he was standing, 'I do know that good is good, and bad is bad, and good and bad are not the same. And I know a man's a fool to follow the one, and a wise man to follow the other, and,' lowering his voice, 'I believe God is at the back of a man who wants to get done with bad. I've tried all that folly,' sweeping his hand over the glasses and bottles, 'and all that goes with it, and I've done with it.'

'I'll go you that far,' roared big Barney, following his captain as of yore.

'Good man,' said Graeme, striking hands with him.

'Put me down,' said little Wig cheerfully.

Then I took up the word, for there rose before me the scene in the League saloon, and I saw the beautiful face with the deep shining eyes, and I was speaking for her again. I told them of Craig and his fight for these men's lives. I told them, too, of how I had been too indolent to begin 'But,' I said, 'I am going this far from to-night,' and I swept the bottles into the champagne tub.

'I say,' said Polly Lindsay, coming up in his old style, slow but sure, 'let's all go in, say for five years.' And so we did. We didn't sign anything, but every man shook hands with Graeme.

And as I told Craig about this a year later, when he was on his way back from his Old Land trip to join Graeme in the mountains, he threw up his head in the old way, and said, 'It was well done. It must have been worth seeing. Old man Nelson's work is not done yet. Tell me again,' and he made me go over the whole scene with all the details put in.

But when I told Mrs. Mavor, after two years had gone, she only said, 'Old things are passed away, all things are become new'; but the light glowed in her eyes till I could not see their color. But all that, too, is another story.

(To be Continued.)

Pearls? or Toads.

(Helena H. Thomas, in 'The Evangelist.')

She was a stranger among us and was so beautiful of face and so winsome of manner that it was little wonder that, for a time, she was the centre of attraction, I was not near enough, however, to understand what she said, but as I saw the sparkling eyes, and heard the rippling laugh, I, too, felt the charm of her presence.

'Well, well!' exclaimed I, as Henry Jenkins left the group of young people, and took a seat near me, 'such self-denial is surely praiseworthy, but I cannot accept the sacrifice.'

The young man seemed at a loss for words, and I continued, 'Yes, I insist upon your returning, If your gallantry will not permit of it I will accompany you.'

'You misunderstand my motives in joining you,' said Henry, as I arose to lead the way, 'I do not like to appear critical, but the truth is that Miss Carter's bright speeches are so embellished with slang that her society has no charm for me.'

The pretty girl had so taken my heart by storm when we exchanged greetings, that it was hard to believe that her conversation was so objectionable. I knew that Henry Jenkins never allowed himself to use slang, but Mabel Carter must indeed be a slave to the bad habit if he could not endure to hear her converse.

'Oh, excuse me,' said she, presently, checking herself in the middle of a sentence, while the blood mantled her cheek, 'such slangy phrases are only fit for my set, but the truth is I am so full of slang that it comes out when I dreadfully want to be proper.'

'You remember the fairy tale,' I said, smiling, 'of the girl from whose lips dropped pearls and diamonds?'

'And the other girl, from whose lips dropped toads,' said Miss Carter, quickly. 'I see you think using slang is like that.'

While we were speaking Henry Jenkins passed, The young girl's eyes followed him and she said, 'Mr. Jenkins seems head and shoulders above the rest of the fellows. I should like to become better acquainted with him, but he seems to avoid me. I wonder why it is?'

I did not enlighten her, for of course I could not repeat what her critic had said of her. Besides, it was evident that she realized she had formed a habit which weakened her character.

Thinking of her, however, I come to the dear young people the wide world over with 'don't use it,' True the slang phrases that fall from the lips of the 'girl of the period' may have a certain charm for some, but rest assured that slang will never elevate a girl in the minds of those whose respect is worth having.

So cultivate the best style. This alone is worth while.

Janet's Model.

(By Mary Downe, in 'Forward.')

It was growing late in the afternoon, as well as in the year, and the light in the studio had begun to give warning that work must soon cease for the day. Janet still lingered at her easel, though for half an hour she had done very little work on the sketch before her, having fortunately caught the effect she wanted at the beginning of the pose. Finally, tipping her chair and head, she glanced from the study to the model and back again with a satisfied smile. Hard training was beginning to tell, and without conceit she was sure that the vigorously drawn little head possessed several qualities which her master would approve. She felt much encouraged in her recent determination to try for a prize offered to students of city art schools for the best portrait study in oil, and even felt sure that there might be a possibility of her success.

'That is all for the present, Stephen,' she said to her model, when the final survey was over, and immediately began to scrape her palette and gather her brushes together ready for washing. The fifteen-year-old boy addressed rose from his seat, drew a few steps nearer to Janet and stood twirling his shabby hat between his hands in an embarrassed manner. Presently he said, in a low tone, 'Won't you need me any more, Miss Greene?'

'Why, you may just finish up, as usual—fix the firo and lock the windows, you know, and then come to me and I'll pay you,' answered Janet, absently, rousing herself from dreams of the wonderful prize picture which she would paint. But Stephen still lingered.

'I mean, won't you need me any more after to-day, to paint from. If you could keep

THE NEW CANVAS WAS BROUGHT OUT AND THE FINAL WORK BEGAN IN EARNEST.

STEPHEN SITTING FOR THE GREAT PICTURE.

me a little longer, Miss Greene—jest till me foot gets strong an' I can go to work in the rollin' mill again. Me mother isn't a bit well, an' '—he hung his head and played with his hat again, the kindly half-light veiling his flushed cheeks.

Janet knew of the accident which had crippled the boy temporarily and withdrawn the invalid mother's support, and her family had managed in various ways to lighten Stephen's burden without hurting his self-respect. She answered with sincere kindness and sympathy: 'I'm sorry, but I must begin another portrait, next week. Perhaps I can find a chance for you to pose for some of my friends. I'll see what I can do, Stephen.'

The boy murmured his thanks and began to perform the light task assigned him. Janet suddenly frowned at an absurd idea which had popped into her head.

'Nonsense! That's carrying conscience a little too far!' she told herself, angrily. 'Stephen does very well for practice work, but it would be ridiculous to try to make an exhibition portrait from him. And how could I give up my beautiful color scheme, and Amy's pretty hair that I've always longed to paint? This isn't a philanthropy competition, it's art; and I know I couldn't help standing some chance for the prize with such a model as Amy.'

She glanced lovingly at the folds of golden-brown drapery on the wall near by, which were to make a harmonious background for her cousin's red-gold hair; and she swept her pet brush ecstatically over an imaginary canvas, as she thought of the long line of the graceful, creamy throat. But suddenly, between her eyes and the softly glowing background, came Stephen's dark, wistful face, as he stood waiting for his dismissal. The contrast between imagination and reality was a dramatic one, and impressible Janet felt a thrill which it was hard to analyze. Her quickened senses, however, led her to see a new significance in the features before her. What a strong, patient soul looked out from the rugged, serious young face! If a painter could make the world feel the beauty of that soul, would not that be a triumph, too? With a troubled mind she paid the boy for his work, and told him to call at the beginning of the next week for possible news of employment.

Then, left alone in the gathering dusk, Janet fought out the battle with self; and the artist who has sacrificed a cherished dream of color and form to try to find content in the commonplace, will know that it was not a very easy one. But it was a smiling girl, with a peaceful mind, who finally walked home under the first stars, murmuring to herself:

> 'And only the Master shall praise us,
> And only the Master shall blame.'

The sittings for the great picture began on Monday, and Janet could not regret her choice when she witnessed Stephen's pleasure at the prospect of even so slender an income. She surprised herself by the interest with which she began the work and the progress she made. Her practice sketches from the same model at odd times had not only helped to give the desired technical facility, but she had unconsciously been acquiring a grasp of the boy's character, which was a stimulus to her in the new, exalted mood under the influence of which she worked. She made no attempt to paint a fancy head, but tried for truth, strength and simplicity, though unconsciously she emphasized the pathos and ideality which she felt in her model. Every day after her class hours were over she worked steadily, and, after two or three preliminary studies, the cherished new canvas of the prescribed size was brought out, and the final work began in earnest.

At last the posing came to an end, and Stephen, fully recovered, succeeded in finding work again. Janet had laid down her brushes feeling that she could do no more, and that the portrait must now meet its fate. She felt at once proud and humble as she stood before her easel and knew that for her the work meant progress, even if the longed-for success should not follow, for it was the best she had ever done. 'But I don't deserve much credit,' she mused, 'for if I'd had my own way I would have worked away at Amy's beautiful color, and never stopped to think that there wasn't much else to admire in her. "Art for art's sake" is all very well, but I guess it pays to let conscience help a little, too. "Paint what you see, and count it crime to let one truth slip," Browning says; and I should have let a pretty big truth slip if I had let Stephen go;' and Janet went with a light heart to order her packing box.

The jury of award stood in a solemn group in one of the galleries of the Art Institute. The doors were closed and guarded, and against the walls leaned a legion of canvasses, alike in size, but vastly different as to color and treatment. Some displayed pathetic ignorance, some made their bid for favor with a brave show of color and knowing brush work alone, while the majority represented sincere, studious effort, coupled with various degrees of ability. The jury itself exhibited a certain variety, being composed of a very great artist, a great artist, a few lesser local lights, and a sprinkling of respectable elderly citizens, some of whom were trustees of the institute. Four pictures had finally been selected from the number submitted, and now stood up against the end wall. One of these was a lavishly-executed study of a pretty girl in a pretty yellow gown; next to it stood an interesting portrait of an old, white-bearded man, while Janet's head of Stephen was the third. The fourth represented a pink and white infant—its features were as expressionless as those of a wax doll, and, it must be confessed, even less symmetrical. The scrap-picture smoothness of its style, however, endeared it to a few mild and conservative members of the jury, who begged that it might be considered when the final vote was taken.

'That's a clever bit of work,' said a local artist with an air of conviction, indicating the girl in yellow.

'Ye—es, it is,' replied the great artist, slowly. 'It's too clever, in fact. I don't know who painted it, but I know who must have taught the student; but it strikes me that he or she has managed to catch the man's mannerisms without the knowledge and feeling which should go with them. It's all surface, and one thinks of the paint rather than of the subject.'

'How about the old man next to it,' asked another member. 'That shows a good deal of sincere feeling for character, I think.' A murmur of assent went round, and then the very great artist spoke:

'Yes, it's good—very good,' he said; 'but just a bit crude in color and self-conscious in manner, don't you think? That model is such a picturesque old fellow that even an indifferent study of him is generally rather interesting. Now, I like this boy's head. It shows straightforward ability, and grasp of character, too; and there's something more—something fine and elusive, which, I suppose, must be called ideality for want of a better word. That student has taken a model whom nine people out of ten might call commonplace and uninteresting, and has found and expressed the boy's soul. That's a task worth undertaking; and the technique and color are good and at the same time unconscious. It's decidedly above the average of student work, on the whole;' and the great man waved an explanatory thumb and backed away, looking at the study with half-closed eyes.

The others who had been listening as respectfully as artists ever listen to each other, began to break up into small groups for a few final discussions on minor points before the vote was taken. The admirers of the rosebud infant gathered in a corner and shook their respectable heads sadly, as they spoke of the decline of art, and realized that they were hopelessly in the minority.

At last the great day has come, when the competing portraits are exhibited and the name of the prize-winner made public. We will take leave of Janet, as she stands with happy eyes before her picture, the frame of which bears a significant blue card. Her cheeks are still flushed with the pleasant remembrance of the encouraging words from the man whose name heads the jury of award. In her pocketbook is folded the cheque which stands for two more happy years of study, and in her heart is a song of thanksgiving.

'You have done well. There is no reason why you should not be an artist, if you work hard,' echoes the voice of honest pride, in the words of the master.

Little Ned.

(C. V. Chippendale, in the 'Sunday Companion.')

I.

Visitors who flocked in their thousands to St. Hilary Cathedral from all parts of England and America, and who were lost in admiration of its glorious architecture, its historic associations and venerable beauty, had little idea that within a stone's-throw of all this grandeur and splendor there existed dens of hideous squalor.

Yet so it was. There was little public spirit in St. Hilary, and the respectable, well-to-do people who lived in the best parts of the city were not likely to worry themselves about Middlerow Passage and Simmondsbury Place as long as the filth and distress of their inhabitants were considerately hidden from their observation.

There was, however, one civilizing influence at work, over and above the self-sacrificing labors of the poor parish clergyman who labored amongst them. He, good man, was outside the ring of the cathedral clergy. He was not seen on public platforms as they were; he was not good at making speeches, bringing forward resolutions, and proposing votes of thanks to 'his lordship, our beloved diocesan, for so kindly taking the chair on the present occasion,' etc.

But he was good at one thing. He worked—quietly and persistently. But he could effect little. He was kindness itself, but he did not see that you can do little for the temporal or spiritual welfare of the destitute until you can raise them a little from their degrading surroundings. The civilizing influence to which I have alluded as more than supporting this worthy man's work was the school.

The school—or rather schools, for there were all departments included in it—stood in an open space at the north end of Middlerow Passage. The master of the boys' school was a certain Mr. Bayly, an excellent fellow. To one who met him for the first time he would appear rough, perhaps uncouth; but he had a warm heart and immense energy.

During the few years he had been at the Bishop's Schools, as they were called, this devoted man had worked wonders with the boys. Perhaps his work was not appreciated as it ought to have been by the managers of the school, who took little more than a perfunctory interest in it; but he did not care about that. He was above desiring the praise of men who thought little and cared less for him; still, it was a genuine pleasure to him that Mr. Crouch, the clergyman, showed him friendliness.

In spite, however, of the united labors of clergyman and schoolmaster, the boys were still rough, dirty, half-savage. It was not entirely their fault, poor children; they came from homes which were rough, dirty, and half-savage. Mr. Crouch, with dogged perseverance, was still working on. He had been cheered lately by a gleam of hope. The owner of one half of Middlerow Passage had had his conscience awakened, and had begun to recognize that his responsibilities to those who dwelt in his wretched tenements did not begin and end with collecting the weekly rent. There seemed to be some chance of improving the condition of things.

But there was one man who lived at No. 10, at the farther end of Middlerow Passage—which, by the way, was a blind alley and no passage at all—who was the terror of the place. He was known as Billy the Boss, his real name being Mottle. His occupation, when he chose to follow it, was selling fish. He was an inveterate gambler, the whole of Sunday and a large portion of most days of the week being devoted to pitch-and-toss. When he won he drank; when he was intoxicated he became irascible, violent, and even dangerous—in fact, a maniac.

His influence was a most demoralizing one, even in Middlerow Passage. He was like a plague-stricken person; infection spread from him as a centre, and many in those dirty little cottages received from him their first temptation to drink and their first initiation into the mysteries of pitch-and-toss.

Billy the Boss had a boy who went by the name of Little Ned. He was a small boy for his age, with a big round head and merry black eyes and red cheeks. He went to the Bishop's Schools not because the law compels children to be educated—for there was no fear of the school-attendance officer in Middlerow Passage—but because his father was glad to have him out of the way. Besides, did they not give free breakfasts, and, in the bitter winter weather, free dinners as well, at the school?

Little Ned got on well at school. He was an intelligent boy, and learnt easily and rapidly. He was a great favorite with Mr. Crouch, who came to the school four mornings in the week to hold his class from nine o'clock to half-past. No one knew his Catechism half as well as Ned. He could say his duty towards his neighbor without a mistake. It was quite refreshing to hear him as he took breath at the words, 'to keep my hands from picking and stealing.'

But, for all that, he was a troublesome boy. Mr. Bayly would often say that Mottle was a thorn in the flesh. The boy had good parts; but his riotous, headstrong, undisciplined ways, coupled with his neglected body, exercised a harmful influence in and out of the school, and counteracted much of the good work of the master.

II.

Billy the Boss had lately been in low water. The fish trade had been bad, and he had been less lucky than usual with his gambling. As he had earned less, by that strange paradox of squalor he had drunk

more. The more he drank, the more he thirsted. He must have money; yet trade had fallen off. He could not win even with his lucky halfpenny. There was only one thing to be done, and that was to steal.

He had never yet actually stolen as a means of livelihood; he had now and again helped himself to what was not his own; but he was by no means a professional thief. In truth, he was rather clumsy, and he had the sense to know it. But there seemed now a chance of overcoming that difficulty. Little Ned was growing up quite a sharp lad; and the father conceived the idea of using the son as a tool for his own evil designs. At length he made up his mind to carry his idea into execution.

One Saturday night the Boss and his boy were seen leaving Middlerow Passage together.

'Come along, sonny,' said the father, 'I'm wanting yer this evening; so yer needn't think yer a-going a-mokin' off with Bob and his lot.'

The boy followed silently and sullenly.

'What's up, dad?'

'You'll know soon enough,' said the father, sharply.

They turned into St. Cosmo's street, a branch of the main thoroughfare of the city. At the corner stood a large bootshop. Not only were the windows of the shop filled with boots and shoes of all sizes and descriptions, but boots and shoes were hung outside the doors, and from the ledge that overhung the shop windows. It would have been fairly easy for an agile and skilful thief to creep along the shadow of St. Cosmo's street to the corner, and with a sharp knife to detach one of the pairs of boots from the string by which it hung, and to beat a safe retreat down the street and into one of the devious backways, which were so numerous at this part of the old city. The thought suddenly seized hold of the Boss.

'Hark'ee, Ned. See that there shop—the corner one, I mean?'

'Yes, dad.'

'See them boots,'

'Yes.'

'Well, take this knife, nip along the side o' them houses, slice through the string the boots are tied with, and nick 'em. D'yer see—nick 'em!' he added in an intense whisper.

Ned stood stock still.

'Well, wot's yer waitin' for? D'yer think yer bein' photergraffed that yer a-standin' still all this time?'

Still Ned did not move. A struggle was going on within him. Only the day before Mr. Crouch had commended him when he repeated his duty towards his neighbor without a fault. They had had a lesson on it. And to Ned's mind there came back with thrilling power what Mr. Crouch had said about 'picking and stealing,' and about the horrible career of a thief; how he is punished in prison, and grows to be worse and worse, and shuts himself out from the society of men and from the love of God. Heroic struggles may sometimes go on in the heart of a gutter brat.

'Well?' urged his father, with an oath.

'I can't do it, dad!'

'Can't do it, you young stuck-up brat! Get out with yer!' and he kicked the boy from him in a rage.

Billy the Boss had been drinking all the week. He was not quite sober even now. To be disobeyed by this boy of his exasperated him. His conscience was not so blurred that it failed to perceive the guilt of his intention. He knew he was doing wrong in planning to steal. He knew he was doing wrong in trying to induce his boy to steal. Such elementary notions as right and wrong were not uprooted from his moral nature.

Angry with the boy, still more angry with himself, the man, now morose with disappointment and a long bout of drinking, strove to find, if not solace, oblivion, at least, in more drink. He met old pals—gambling associates—who were struck at seeing their usually lively companion so dejected. One after another stood him drink, so that the whole of that Saturday evening, until the public-houses closed, was spent in drinking.

At length the time came for him to go home. Home! What a prostitution of that sweet word it was to apply it to 10 Middlerow Passage! There was hardly a stick of furniture beyond a rickety old table and two bottomless chairs in the room on the ground floor. The whole place was pervaded with the noisome odor of stale fish.

Into this filthy den the Boss stumbled at midnight. He struck a match, and lit a tallow candle, that had been thrust into a bottle by way of candlestick. He tried to sit down on one of the chairs, but fell heavily to the ground. There he sat for some time, looking with sullen and stolid gaze into vacancy.

All at once he rose, with a fearful oath. He took the candle in his hand, and went upstairs. The expression on his face was diabolical. Considering that he was intoxicated, his movements were wonderfully under control. He pushed open the bedroom door. Ned was fast asleep. His father looked at him for a moment with a drunken stare.

'Wake up!' he shouted, in a voice that made the broken windows rattle.

Ned started in a moment from his sleep, with the scared look of childhood on his face.

'Get up, d'yer 'ear?'

Ned rose trembling. He saw his father had been drinking heavily; he knew what to expect, and he shivered with fright.

'So you refuse to do what yer father tells yer, you young cub, do you? Think yerself so much better than 'im. I'll teach yer! Come 'ere!'

The infuriated man seized the child, who was but a toy in his grasp. He struck him heavily, cruelly—sometimes with his open hand, sometimes with closed fist. The boy cried for mercy, with the sharp cry of one under torture.

But the father's rage increased, and his appetite for inflicting pain grew with feeding. He raised the boy in his arms, in a paroxysm of drunken fury, and hurled him from him. The door was open; the boy fell. He lay at the bottom of the stairs a lifeless heap.

The father upstairs sank on the floor in the stupor of intoxication. All was quiet at No. 10.

Not far off, at No. 6, lay a poor young man, dying of consumption. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. He drove a milk-cart for a dairy-keeper in St. Hilary until he was too ill to stand. This night his mother thought that he was dying, and she had sent for Mr. Crouch. At the moment when poor little Ned fell to the bottom of the stairs, Mr. Crouch was reading and praying with this dying young man, a few doors off.

At length Mr. Crouch rose to go. He had a full Sunday's work before him, and he must get some sleep. The patient seemed easier, and he felt that he might leave him now. He left the little cottage and walked down the Passage. Just as he was about to turn into the street at the lower end, he happened to give a glance behind him. At once he was struck by the peculiar appearance of No. 10 at the further end. A sinister glare of light shone from within. He stood for a moment in hesitation, wondering as to the cause of the light; another instant, and his hesitation was at an end. A tongue of flame and a cloud of smoke burst forth from the window; it was evident that the cottage was on fire, and that the upper floor was burning.

'Fire!' he shouted, and rushed with all speed to the upper end of the passage.

As if by magic the passage began to be filled with people. Half-naked forms and terrified faces appeared on all sides thronging the narrow place. There was noise and confusion everywhere; for nobody yet knew what was on fire, or where the fire was. All uncertainty was soon at an end, as the little crowd perceived Mr. Crouch attempting to burst open No. 10, and as the flames gained stronger hold. The door was securely fastened.

What was to be done? Every moment was precious. What had happened to the inmates? It seemed as if they must be dead; there was no movement within, no attempt from within to escape. Still, an attempt must be made to rescue them; they were perhaps overpowered with the smoke, and might be saved if they were brought at once into the open air.

Mr. Crouch broke the door open. The blinding, choking smoke drove him back. Still, he would endeavor to mount the stairs. He rushed in, and stumbled at the very threshold. He stooped down to see what was on the ground. It was the body of poor Ned. He raised him in his arms, and bore him out into the air. He was not a moment too soon; for hardly had he stepped out of the house when the upper floor fell in with a crash.

Among the ruins of Middlerow Passage the next day the firemen discovered the remains of a human body charred beyond recognition. It was that of Billy the Boss.

III.

When Ned was carried off to the hospital it was found that life was not extinct, although the poor boy was terribly injured by his 'fall'; and when some months afterwards he was pronounced fit to leave the hospital, he could no longer walk—the doctors said that he never would be able to walk again. People who now saw the pale-faced, wistful-looking boy being wheeled about in his perambulator, could hardly recognize in him the rough and ruddy boy of yore.

Mr. Crouch had been a good friend to him. He had raised a small fund for boarding the boy with a respectable woman whom he could trust, and he had bought him the perambulator in which he was wheeled to school every day. He had learnt from the boy's own lips, as he lay in the accident-ward, the story of that dreadful Saturday night, and he loved and admired the boy for his faithfulness to the lessons he had learnt.

To Mr. Bayly Ned was no longer a thorn in the flesh. The boy, through sorrow and suffering, had become gentle, and a powerful influence for gentleness. The next time her Majesty's inspector paid a visit to the Bishop's Schools, he complimented the master on the marked improvement in the tone of the boys. This meant something, for Her Majesty's inspector was not given to waste his own and his country's time in paying idle compliments.

'You are quite right, sir,' said Mr. Bayly, with the air of one who congratulates another on a lucky discovery. 'And do you know the cause, sir? Well, I'll tell you.' And he told the outlines of Ned's story.

'These boys, who used to be fighting and quarrelling, and behaving like so many young bear-cubs, are now quite subdued; and it's all through Ned. He was a favorite with them before, but now they simply worship him. They have arranged among themselves who is to call for him, and wheel him here, and who is to wheel him home again, morning and evening; they have drawn up a regular rota for that.

'Then, you know those steep steps that lead up from the playground to this door; well, sir, of course he could not be wheeled up them, and walking is out of the question, so they carry him up and down, two at a time in turns. They're so gentle and careful with him; no woman could be more tender. That, sir, is the influence that has been at work in my school, and has done more to soften and civilize and humanize these young barbarians than all our efforts put together.'

Even the inspector allowed himself to become human for two minutes, and spoke a kind word to the crippled lad as he sat at the desk.

But the change in those boys was real and permanent. The sight of one of their own schoolfellows needing their sympathy and their gentleness had taught the streams of gentleness within them to flow, and it gradually began to dawn upon them that it was better to be kind and thoughtful towards another than selfishly and roughly pushing for oneself.

It was Mr. Crouch's idea to have the boy taught some trade, at which he could sit and work, when the time should come for him to leave school.

But poor Ned's face grew pale, and his bodily strength ebbed slowly but surely. The doctors at the hospital gave Mr. Crouch little hope that the boy would live long.

'It is a wonder to us that he recovered as he did; but there is mischief in his nervous system from the shock he received.'

Mr. Crouch was never called upon to decide what trade Ned should have. Before the winter was over, poor Ned's crippled and shattered body was laid to rest in St. Cosmo's churchyard. The boys of the Bishop's Schools, with Mr. Bayly at their head, walked in procession behind the little coffin. There were no flowers to be had at that time of year, but each boy bore a sprig of ivy in his hand, at Mr. Crouch's suggestion, and this they bent round and tied, so that it seemed as if they were carrying garlands of victory. They were all laid reverently on the little mound of earth which marked the spot where Ned lay. Some people sneered at Mr. Crouch's fanciful notions. There are people who will sneer at anything; there were even people who sneered at Calvary.

Mr. Crouch has the poorest parish in St. Hilary's, the poorest parish always means the most thickly populated. Funerals are frequent; but throughout all his experience he had never seen so impressive a funeral. He loves to tell the pathetic story of little Ned, and he always ends in the same way:

'We know little, sir, about the ways of God with men. We often rebel against pain and suffering. We ask why God should have brought people into the world to make them miserable. It is the question of those who do not know that sorrow is the gate of joy; that hearts are softened, and love is quickened, at the sight of helpless pain; and, above all, that beyond this passing world of to-day there is eternal rest on the bosom of God himself.'

Two Homes.

'Teacher, teacher,' shouted several eager voices as Miss Armstrong entered the school-room one Sunday afternoon, 'What shall I do? What shall I do?'

A number of small boys clustered around her waving papers frantically. There was to be an industrial exhibition with many classes and prizes in them all. No wonder that the boys were excited—glorious visions of success floated before their eyes — but what should they do in order to attain it.

After school, there was an earnest consultation, and as the boys went home you might have heard one after the other saying:

'Miss Armstrong says I must do some writing,' or 'Miss Armstrong says I ought to try to make a cake. It's fun for a boy to gain the cookery prize.'

But Harry Perkins did not say a word about it for two whole days, and then he asked suddenly when he was having breakfast.

'Mother, what do I see every day?'

His mother laughed.

'See every day, Harry, why, ever so many things. What do you mean?'

'Oh, well, you know there's going to be an industrial exhibition at our school and Miss Armstrong said I ought to make a model—something that I see every day, like a chair or a table.'

'Well, that's a good idea, Harry,' said Mrs. Perkins, 'I expect she remembers seeing those little arm-chairs,' looking up at two that stood on the mantelpiece which Harry had made out of firewood.

'Yes,' said the boy slowly, 'but there's two whole months to do it in. I could do something better than that.'

Then breakfast ended and Harry prepared to start for school. On his way out he passed the parlor door, which happened to be open. He looked in and stood still as his eyes went from the round table covered with books to the flower-stand in the window; then they glanced at the chairs and the chiffonier with its glass ornaments. It was not a grand room by any means, but Harry admired it. He shut the door and went off whistling as if he had decided something.

Then great doings began in Harry's workshop—a corner of the kitchen which was given up to his toys. No one was allowed to know what he was about, although his mother almost guessed when she saw him working away with a few little tools, that his father, who was a carpenter, had given him.

One afternoon, when everyone else was out, Harry ran upstairs to the next floor, and called:

'Milly, Milly, are you in? I want you.'

A little fair-haired girl answered. She lived with her father and mother and baby sister in two rooms at the top of the house and often Harry asked her to come and play with him, He was lonely sometimes, for he had no brothers and sisters, and was very shy for a boy of ten.

Milly gladly came down into the kitchen, and then Harry led her up to his corner and said:

'Look!'

There stood his model for the exhibition. It was intended to be a copy of their best parlor. There was a table in the middle, chairs all round, a tiny flower-stand in the window, and something that was meant to be a chiffonier. Even the mantlepiece had been attempted, and on it stood a tiny slip of cardboard with the words, 'I promise to abstain' printed on it.

Milly was delighted; she clapped her hands and danced around.

'Oh, Harry, how lovely! Your mother will be pleased. And fancy showing it to me first of all. I'm sure you'll get a prize. But what are you going to do with that other box?'

'I don't know,' answered Harry slowly, 'It's just the size of the one I've made the room in.'

'I know,' said Milly, 'do make a model of our room, too, Of course, it isn't as nice as yours, because its kitchen and parlor are all in one, but it would be nice to have it.'

Harry said he would see, and on the day before the exhibition he called Milly down again.

'Why, Harry, it's exactly like,' she said, 'There's even the broken chair in the corner and the old cupboard without a door. 'You'll send it to the exhibition won't you, Harry?—do.'

So both rooms were carried round that night. Harry took first one and then the other: he was eager to do everything himself in case anyone should say he had been helped. Several gentlemen were receiving the exhibits, and one of them waited until all the papers were taken off and the rooms arranged and then said:

'Well, my boy, and what do you call them?'

'I don't know,' said Harry. 'They're just rooms, That one is ours, and that one is Milly's—she lives upstairs.'

'I see,' said the teacher. They are very well done, my boy, you ought to be proud of them.'

After Harry had gone and all the things were arranged on the tables, the two rooms were placed side by side, and above it someone hung a card with 'Two Homes,' written upon it in large letters.

The next evening, by six o'clock, a large crowd of boys and girls gathered round the mission hall. How eager they were to be let in, and how many times they said:

'I wonder who's got a prize.'

Milly, standing close to Harry, said:

'I'm positive you have, for those lovely rooms.'

And so it proved. Miss Armstrong met them at the door, and her eyes sparkled as she said:

'Come along, Harry, you have won the first prize. I am so glad.'

The next night the awards were to be given, and all the parents of the children could go in for half-price. Milly was delighted because she had persuaded her father, who had never been in the mission hall before, to go with her to the distribution.

'So lovely, Father,' she said, as she trotted along beside him. 'You'll be able to hold me up and then I'll be able to see Harry beautifully.'

But first of all, Father must look at the two rooms, and so Milly dragged him round the tables in spite of the crowd, until they reached them.

'There, see,' she cried. 'Isn't it exactly like the Perkins's parlor, and you'd know it was our kitchen, wouldn't you? I wish we had a parlor, too,' Milly gave a little sigh in the midst of all her happiness.

Just at that moment two people standing by made a remark which Milly's father heard, although she did not—

'I reckon that little piece of cardboard on the mantelpiece makes the difference between those two homes. There's nothing like teetotalism for a working-man.'

All through the prize-giving Milly sat perched on her father's shoulder, and when she went home she told her mother that they had had a lovely time.

'Harry, Harry,' called Milly a few days later, when the two models stood side by side upon the parlor table, 'Have you got another piece of cardboard, and will you write, "I promise to abstain," upon it?, Father signed the pledge and put his card upon the mantelpiece. It ought to be in the model, too. Mother says it's all because you made a picture of our room. She is so glad—you should just see her.'

So were Mr. and Mrs. Perkins when they heard it and Harry, too, although it meant that the model had to be altered nearly every week, so many nice new things were added to the room. 'Teetotalism is an excellent thing for a workingman,' you see.

(Madge Oliver, in 'Temperance Record.')

LITTLE FOLKS

Riding on the Globe.

When a child the famous Sir Edward Parry was taken by his parents to visit a lady of their acquaintance, and he was allowed the run of the house in search of amusement. One morning the little fellow of five years was found in the library, astride of a large geographical globe.

'What! Edward—are you riding on the globe?' said his kind hostess.

'Oh, yes,' the boy replied; 'and how I should like to go round it!'—words afterwards remembered by those who heard them.

His school-days over, an appointment was got for him on the ship of Admiral Cornwallis, as 'a volunteer of the first class.' He was sent from Bath to Plymouth in the charge of a trusty man-servant. When the faithful Thomas returned, he described how his young master seemed struck with amazement at the sea and the huge line-of-battle ships; but he soon began eagerly to inquire about everything from all who had time to listen to his questions.

While thus employed he saw one of the sailors descending the rigging from aloft, and instantly, before the astonished Thomas could utter a word of protest, the active boy was far up the rigging, and never stopped till from the mast-head he waved his cap in triumph.

The alarm of old Thomas attracted the notice of the sailors, and a group of those who witnessed the feat gathered round the boy as he reached the deck, and greeted him warmly as 'a fine fellow, and a true sailor every inch of him.'

By his attention to duty and his good conduct, the young volunteer soon gained the esteem and affection of the officers.

The story of his life is a most interesting one, full of lessons of courage and of duty performed.—'Child's Companion.'

The Nodding Chinaman.

(By Ida T. Thurston, in 'Congregationalist.')

'Rachel, it is time for you to go,' said Rachel's mother, gently.

The child was curled up in the wide window seat absorbed in a book of fairy stories. When her mother spoke she closed the book and, with a long sigh, slipped down from the window.

'I wish I didn't have to go, mother,' she said, soberly.

'But, since you do, run up stairs and put on your clean gingham. Aunt Elizabeth won't like you to be late.'

Rachel went up stairs, but she did not hurry. Her mother heard her moving about in her room, and presently she came slowly down. She had brushed her hair and put on a fresh blue and white checked gingham, with a sunbonnet to match.

'Good-by, dear,' her mother said, as she tied the bonnet strings under the round chin and then kissed the sober little face. 'We must always do what is right, you know, even if we don't really want to.'

'Yes'm,' answered Rachel, gravely.

Through the window her mother watched the little figure as it went slowly down the road.

'She doesn't intend to get there too soon,' the mother said to herself, with a smile.

But, though she walked so slowly, it seemed to Rachel only a few minutes before she came to a big white house set quite a distance back from the road. She went up the path and around to the kitchen door. As she opened the door she smelled the sweet, sickish odor of boiling fruit. Mary, the 'hired girl,' was doing up preserves. She looked up as the child entered.

'O, it's you, is it?' she said. 'Your aunt is in the sitting-room.'

Rachel walked silently across the big kitchen and through the hall to the sitting-room. Aunt Elizabeth sat in the big rocking-chair by the window. She was a tiny old lady, with snow-white hair and very black eyes that seemed to Rachel as sharp as needles.

'You're late,' she said, as the child pushed open the door. 'Why didn't your mother send you earlier?'

'She did. I—I guess I didn't walk very fast,' answered Rachel, her cheeks getting very hot.

'Well, well, now you are here take off your sunbonnet and get the book and read to me. There it is on the table.'

With a sigh the child obeyed. She knew what the book was—it was Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Rachel hated it. She would not look at the dreadful pictures, but she stumbled on through the reading, her aunt frequently correcting her pronunciation.

At last the old lady said, 'There, that will do. I must go and see if Mary is cooking that fruit as it ought to be.' She rose and, glanc-

ing about the room, added, 'You can look at the china in the cabinet there while I'm gone, but remember not to touch a thing.'

'Yes'm,' answered Rachel, softly.

She put the big book back on the table and walked over to the cabinet. It was full of queer cups and plates and vases from China and Japan. Rachel had often seen these things. She did not care much about them. If she could only go into the parlor, she thought, and see the funny nodding Chinaman in the big cabinet there.

Then her eyes opened wide in delighted surprise, for there on the second shelf stood the nodding Chinaman himself, only he was not nodding at all; but he looked as if he wanted to, Rachel thought, and she knew just how to make him do it. She stood up on her tiptoes and reached out her chubby forefinger and gently touched the bald china head. Instantly it began to nod, the tiny pink china tongue began to waggle, and the little china hands dangle up and down in the funny way she remembered so well.

Rachel laughed delightedly. When the Chinaman's head had almost stopped she touched it again. She had quite forgotten that she had been forbidden to touch anything in the cabinet. She was just reaching out to touch the mandarin for the third time when she heard her aunt's voice in the hall. It startled her so that her hand slipped, and the next moment the Chinaman lay on his back, his hands waving helplessly in the air, while his queer bald head rolled off by itself, the little pink tongue feebly quivering for a moment before it disappeared in the open mouth.

For an instant Rachel stood staring with terrified eyes at the headless body of the queer little nodding man, then she turned, snatched up her sunbonnet, and dashed through the front hall and out of the door as fast as her feet could carry her.

But as she ran up the road her pace began to slacken—the run became a walk and the walk grew slower and slower until at last she stopped short and threw a hasty glance over her shoulder towards the big white house.

'O, I can't!' she moaned, her heart beating hard and fast. 'I don't know what she'd say!'

DRAWING LESSON V.

She stood still in the middle of the road, her frightened blue eyes shining out of her little white face, the sunbonnet, which she had forgotten to put on, dangling from her hand.

Suddenly her mother's words seemed to sound again in her ears. 'We must always do what is right, you know, even if we don't really want to.'

Rachel shivered. 'I can't!' she whispered, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks and made two dark wet spots on her clean gingham dress. But after a moment she drew herself up and set her lips together hard.

'I s'pose—I must,' she said aloud, and then turning she ran back as fast as she could go. She didn't dare go slowly for fear her courage would fail.

Once more she pushed open the kitchen door and, unheeding Mary's amazed, 'For the land's sake!' burst into the quiet sitting-room. Aunt Elizabeth was in her big chair again, and her eyes looked harder and sharper than ever, Rachel thought.

'Well, well'—she began, sternly, but Rachel interrupted her, speaking in little, frightened gasps.

'O, Aunt Elizabeth—I broke—the nodding Chinaman and—I'm so—sorry. I didn't mean'—Then the troubled voice quavered into sudden silence.

The old lady peered through her glasses at the trembling little figure and the white, frightened face. Without a word she rose and walked over to the cabinet and looked at the mandarin lying on the shelf. Rachel had followed her. Aunt Elizabeth picked up the mandarin and set him on his feet, then she picked up his head and slipped it into the hole between his shoulders, and, lo, there was the funny little man nodding away as if nothing had happened to him.

Aunt Elizabeth turned with a stern reproof on her lips, but the sight of the joyful relief in the little maid's face hushed the words on her tongue.

'There, there, child,' she exclaimed, hastily, 'I guess you won't touch my china another time.'

And Rachel was very sure she never would.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 10.

Death of John the Baptist.

Mark vi., 14-29. Memory verses, 21-24. Read Daniel v. Compare Matt. xiv., 1-12.
(May be used as a temperance lesson.)

Golden Text.

'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.'—Eph. v., 18.

Daily Readings.

M. The Herald.—Luke i., 67-79.
T. Consolation.—Luke ii., 22-38.
W. At Naught.—Luke xxiii., 1-12.
T. Crucifixion.—Matt. xxvii., 33-47.
F. A Pleasure.—Acts xxiv., 14-27.
S. The Truth.—John xvii., 7-22.

Lesson Text.

And King Herod heard of him; (for his name was spread abroad), and he said, That John the Baptist was risen from the dead, and therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in him. (15) Others said, That it is Elias. And others said, That it is a prophet, or as one of the Prophets. (16) But when Herod heard thereof, he said, It is John, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead. (17) For Herod himself had sent forth and laid hold upon John, and bound him in prison for Herodias's sake, his brother Philip's wife: for he had married her. (18) For John had said unto Herod, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife. (19) Therefore Herodias had a quarrel against him, and would have killed him: but she could not. (20) For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly. (21) And when a convenient day was come that Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee, (22) and when the daughter of the said Herodias came in and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him, the King said unto the damsel, Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee. (23) And he sware unto her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee unto the half of my kingdom. (24) And she went forth, and said unto her mother, What shall I ask? And she said, The head of John the Baptist. (25) And she came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist. (26) And the king was exceeding sorry; yet, for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her. (27) And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought: and he went and beheaded him in the prison, (28) And brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel: and the damsel gave it to her mother. (29) And when his disciples heard of it, they came and took up his corpse and buried it in a tomb.

Suggestions.

When Herod Antipas, son of that Herod who thirty years before had ordered the destruction of the Hebrew babes in hope of killing the newborn King of the Jews, heard of the mighty works which that same King was now performing in Galilee, he said with amazement and fear that this must be John the Baptist risen again from the dead.

Herod's councillors tried to comfort him with the assurance that it was simply another prophet such as those who wrought miracles in olden times, or that it was Elijah come to life again. But the torments of a guilty conscience kept Herod from comforting himself with any such suppositions, for Herod had cowardly slain John the Baptist, that preacher of righteousness. Herod used to send for John to preach before him, he feared and admired the holy prophet and did many things to try to make his life conform to John's demands. But in one thing he would make no change, the open sin of his life, his marriage with his brother's wife while that brother was still living.

This crime against God's most holy laws was frankly and fearlessly denounced by the Baptist. The marriage bond is the most sacred relationship on earth, its obligations the most holy, and its laws the most binding. He who breaks the laws of kinship breaks the laws of God. (Matt. xix., 4-6.) He who breaks the laws of nature breaks the laws of God. He who sins against his own body destroys the property of God. (I. Cor. vi., 18-20.) Drinking beer or liquor of any kind inflames the passions and leads into vice and crime. A vile imagination leads to ruin, and a Christian must be pure and honorable in thought and word, as well as blameless in outward conduct. One sin leads to another. Herod and Herodias having broken the holy laws of God began to hate the man of God who rebuked their sin. They wished that he would preach about the sins of other people, but it was his duty to rebuke them plainly and publicly, for their sin was known to all the nation and if sin in high places was left unrebuked it would be little use preaching to the common people.

Herodias wanted to kill John the Baptist, as though her sin would cease to be a sin if only there was no voice that dared to warn her against it—but Herod was afraid that the people would be angry if their prophet were put to death, so he contented himself with putting him in prison. For about a year John lay there in the dreary old dungeon of Macherus on the borders of Arabia. It was during this period of confinement that he sent the message to Jesus (Luke vii., 19-28), and received from him the tender message of encouragement and love.

But an evil day came when Herod in drunken merriment made a foolish promise to the daughter of Herodias, Salome, who had danced before him in the garb of an infamous dancing girl. The girl, excited with the promise, ran back to her mother to ask what she should demand. Herodias had made up her mind long beforehand, and probably had so instilled in her daughter's heart a hatred of the man who rebuked sin, that Salome may not have been surprised at the command to ask for the head of John the Baptist. Herod would have been glad to withdraw from his bargain, and had he been sober, would probably have done so, but for fear of the taunts of those who were drinking with him, he weakly yielded and sent an executioner who promptly fulfilled the horrible commission.

Herod's folly has often been commented upon. What a fool he was to offer half of his kingdom for the simple pleasure of one hour! Yet boys have been known to risk the whole of their kingdom of manhood for one glass of wine, or one hour's indulgence in sin. Men have been known to lose their share in the Kingdom of Heaven because of their persistence in one dishonorable habit. Self-indulgence always ends in remorse. Sin is to a great extent its own punishment, for sin means separation from God.

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Questions.

1. Was this Herod the same one who ordered the slaughter of the innocents?
2. How did he break God's law?
3. Was John afraid to rebuke him?
4. What did he do to John?
5. How did Herodias accomplish her wicked purposes?
6. Would you rather be the rich and self-indulgent Herod, or the poor but glory-crowned John?
7. Is any sinful pleasure worth what it costs, in character, in future happiness, and in fitness for heaven?

Junior C. E Topic.

HELPING MEN.

Mon., June 4.—Be better yourself. Ps. ii., 10.
Tues., June 5.—Be kind. Eph. iv., 32.
Wed., June 6.—Be of service. Gal v., 13.
Thu., June 7.—Be happy. Phil. iv., 4.
Fri., June 8.—Don't worry. I. Peter v., 7.
Sat., June 9.—Point the way to Jesus. John i., 36, 37.
Sun., June 10.—Topic.—How can we make other lives better? Luke xiii., 20, 21.

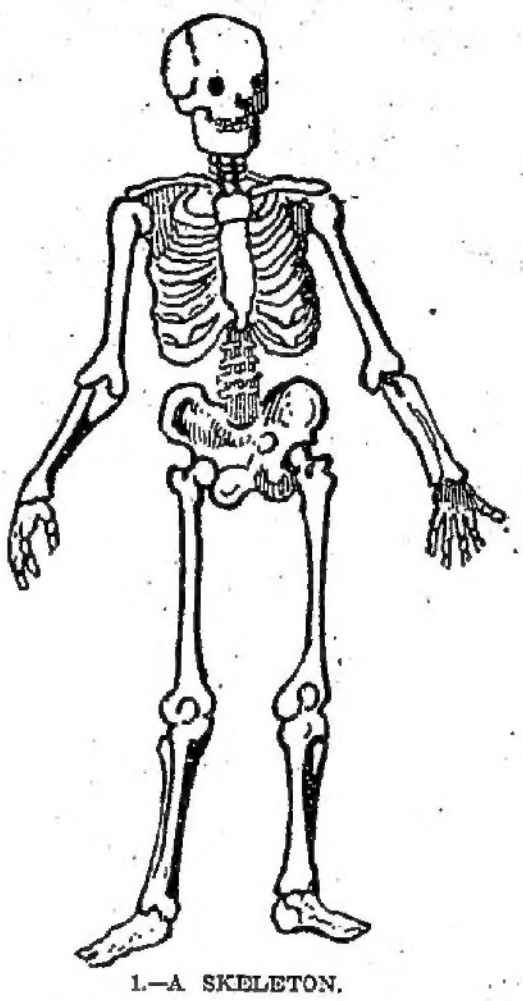
C. E. Topic.

June 10.—Lives that lift.—Luke xiii., 20, 21.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)



1.—A SKELETON.

Fig. 1. is the skeleton, or the frame of the body. It consists of 200 bones. It gives shape to the body, protects the vital organs, while the hinged bones act as levers for the muscles.

10. Q.—Where does our chief strength lie?
A.—In our muscles and our bones.
11. Q.—What are the muscles?
A.—The flesh, made up of strong fibres, which covers our bones.

2.—THE FRONT MUSCLES.

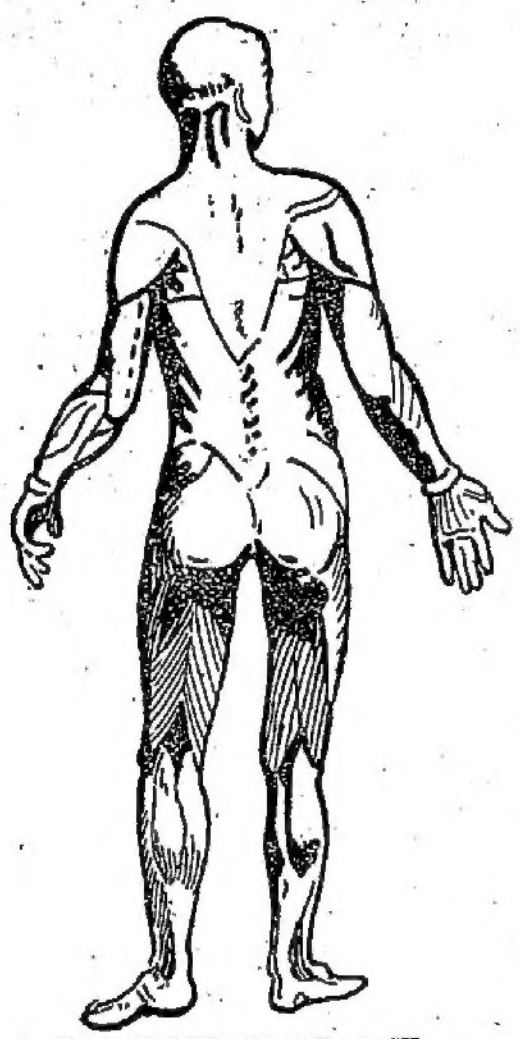
Fig. 2 illustrates the muscles of the front of the body, as they appear without being cushioned with fat or covered with skin.

12. Q.—How many kinds of muscles are there in the human body?
A.—Two kinds, called the voluntary and

the involuntary. The muscles of the heart are involuntary, and move on whether we are awake or asleep. The muscles of the limbs are voluntary, and we move them by telegraphing from the brain to the nerves connected with the muscles.

13. Q.—How are the muscles arranged?

A.—In pairs, so when one contracts, the other expands, and thus the bone to which they are fastened moves in either direction.



3.—THE MUSCLES OF THE BACK.

Fig. 3 shows the muscles of the back. Beneath these are many smaller ones. There are about 500 muscles in the human body.

14. Q.—Of what are the bones and muscles of our body made?

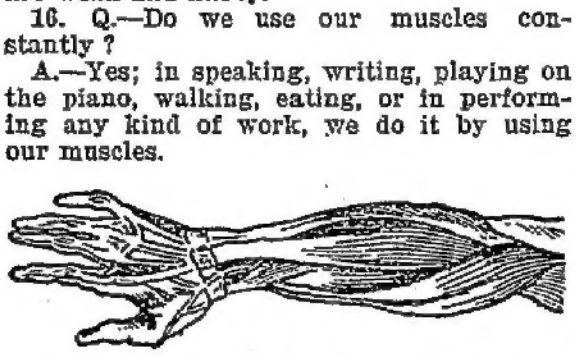
A.—They are all made from the blood. The food we eat is changed into blood by the action of the stomach, intestines, liver, etc., the heart pumps it through the body, and the air in the lungs purifies it after the body has used up the best part of it.

15. Q.—Can we have strong muscles and bones if we do not have good blood?

A.—No; if the blood is poor, the muscles are weak and flabby.

16. Q.—Do we use our muscles constantly?

A.—Yes; in speaking, writing, playing on the piano, walking, eating, or in performing any kind of work, we do it by using our muscles.



Here we have the chief muscles of the hand and arm. The muscles lace and interlace at the elbow, and in fact all about the arm. The muscles are attached to the bones by tendons or cords that have no feeling. These cords pass over the joints of the fingers. At the wrist they are bound by a strong band (15) or ligament like a bracelet, thus adding to the strength and beauty of the wrist.

17. Q.—What effect has alcohol upon the muscles?

A.—It weakens them, and makes them unable to endure continuous action.

18. Q.—What other effect has it?

A.—It deprives the muscles of their delicate fibre, making them clumsy, and less ready to respond to the will.

19. Q.—Do alcoholic liquors ever give strength?

A.—They do not. Men who train for rowing and running and other contests that require great strength, do not use liquors.

20. Q.—What do experiments show?

A.—That alcohol contains nothing capable of doing the body any good.

'Ye are God's building.'—1 Corinthians, 3d chapter, 9th verse.

Correspondence

Gilford, N.H.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and have four brothers and one sister, she is five months old, her name is Esther. My brothers are tapping some trees now. Our school begins in two weeks. We have a term of ten weeks in the spring and in the fall. I take care of 22 hens.

E. C. S.

Pembroke Shore.

Dear Editor,—I have two pets, and a little sister, four years old, named Annie. We have great fun together in the summer. We have two trees in front of our house, I have a little Leghorn hen, its name is Polly. She lays every day. I have four sisters and one brother. I go to school, and I am in the fifth grade. I study geography, history, Health Reader, and Royal Reader, I like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Hopkins. L. C. A., aged 10.

Chester.

Dear Editor,—We live on a beautiful island near Chester. There are three families on the island. I have two brothers and three sisters, one only three weeks old, I think we will call her Olive. We have three cows. We got twin lambs to-day. They are so pretty. Our old cat, Joe, ran away. We are going to get a kit. We have pigs and hens, pretty birds. I am only ten years old. I can read and write and skip the rope. L.

Young's Cove.

Dear Editor,—I am staying with grandma now, and have been with her for quite a long while. I do all the work when I am staying with her, and I can't go to school very much, for she is over eighty years old. I am in the fifth book. I got subscribers for the 'Messenger,' once, and got a Cook Book, and the Queen's Picture, they were both very nice. I have four brothers and two sisters. My father is a farmer. Our Sunday-school will commence on May 6. I will be glad when it begins. I remain.

E. S., aged 13.

Red Point, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I go to school in summer. It is too far to go in winter. We live about a mile and a half from school. I have two brothers and six sisters. My two oldest sisters are in Boston. My youngest sister is ten months old. My father is a farmer, he also runs a saw-mill. My father used to take the 'Messenger,' before I was born, but now it comes in my brother's name. We all enjoy reading the 'Messenger,' very much. M. M., aged 8.

Little Bass River.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, and have two brothers and one sister younger than myself. I go to school almost every day, and like it very much. I read the war news every day, and am very much interested in it, and hope our Canadian boys will soon get home again. H. R. L.

Cloyne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old, and I live on the banks of Massenoga Lake. It is a beautiful lake ten miles long, with a mountain along one side three hundred and sixty-six feet high. Along the water's edge there are Indian paintings that have been there for years. They represent Indian battles which took place a hundred years ago. Some Americans started a park last summer, and papa is overseer. I have lots of fun in summer swimming. I go to school in summer, but not in winter. I live three miles from the school. I have four sisters and one brother. W. W.

St. Catharines.

Dear Editor,—I live in the small, but very pretty city of St. Catharines. This place is known as the Garden City of Canada. It is in the County of Lincoln, of which it is the county town, in the heart of the Niagara Peninsula. It is the greatest fruit producing county in the Dominion. Such fruit as grapes, peaches, plums, pears and berries, all grow in great abundance. I belong to the First Presbyterian Sunday-school, which I attend regularly. I also belong to the Junior C. E. M. W., aged 12.

Lowell, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I am almost eight years old. My birthday is in April. I live near the Merrimac river. There was a great freshet in the Merrimac river. I have two sisters and one brother. My father works in the Appleton mills. My brother carries news. My sister is in the next to the last room in the grammar school. I go to the Wesley Church to Sunday-school. Yours truly,

H. C.

New York.

Dear Editor,—I live in Port Richmond, Staten Island. My aunt sends me the Northern Messenger.' I like it very well. This winter we only had one snowstorm, and the snow was only half a foot deep. We had little skating. Papa made us a bobsleigh, and we could only use it once this winter. I had a white rat, I called it Snowball. My papa made it a nice little cage. I am making a pulp map. Last year I attended Sunday-school every Sunday. I attend Sunday-school, church, Christian Endeavor, and school. We do division of fractions in school. A. C., aged 10.

Spencerville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school nearly every day, and I am in the entrance class. My teacher's name is Mr. Mars. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday, and I like it very much. We get the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the letters that all the boys and girls write. Our church is built of stone, and has a large bell in it. I like to read very much, and I have read a great many books, some of which are:—'St. Elmo,' 'Westward Ho!' 'A Roving Commission,' and 'No Surrender,' are books of adventure. I have three brothers and one sister. Two of my brothers and my sister are all older than me. I am thirteen years old. Yours truly, I. A. F.

Morrowville, Kans.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and no sisters. I go to school, and I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Phelps. I go to Sunday-school and church. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss B. Lesher. I like her very much. I like to ride horseback quite well. We have a dog named Poodle, and five cats. I belong to the M. E. Church. I joined last summer. My father is a farmer. M. C., aged 11.

Newmarket.

Dear Editor, — I have a lovely school teacher now, she is so kind. All of the scholars like her very much. I got a lovely big Bible for Christmas, and am starting to read it through. I would advise Bertha Annie Victoria to read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' for I have read it, and find it a very interesting book. I have also read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and find it to be very sad. I like reading very much.

E. C., aged 13.

Maple Ridge, Que.

Dear Editor,—My papa is a farmer. I go to school nearly every day, and am in the second book. We have about two miles to go to school. The P. P. J. Railway track runs through our farm, and last fall we got two sheep killed. My papa keeps three horses, fifteen sheep, and twenty head of cattle. My mamma is treasurer of the W. F. M. S. We have a mission band in our church and the members have taken talents this year. I took five cents and bought sugar and made taffy and now I have thirty cents. I am going to plant potatoes in the summer, and when I sell them I will give the money to missions. R., aged 8.

Letters Received.

Letters have also been received from:—Edna W., Eugenia Falls; Rosilla L., Trout Lake; John F. Bell, Battineau; Avon McKelvy, Jamestown; Rosella H. P., Yarmouth; Jimmie F., Liverpool; Alonzo J., Richmond; James F., Caraquet; Jeannie A., Hamilton; Belle L. H., Kenilworth; Vermont Farmer Boy, Derby; Morton D., Cumberland Co.; Lila Y., Estevan; May, Breadalbane; Bessie C.; Hester E. S., Alberni; Thomas S., Battineau; A. M., Belwood; H. E. G.; Reggie W. P., Millarton; Sadie R. N., Fort Collins, Colorado; Charles E. G., Bossevain; Tena R., Stanley; May Thirlwall, Duncrief.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Word to Girls.

Many girls, in going away from home, and taking up far-off duties, forget and belittle, 'that trivial round and common task,' of the home circle, which as the old hymn would remind us, might 'furnish all we ought to ask.' Do not, I entreat you, O girls, who have your mothers still, forget that their claims upon your life, and your attention, and your care, come first of all! If you remember her, and put her claims before your own, you will be glad one day, and the tears which you weep above her will be tinged with no bitterness and remorse.

Her love which you will never understand and never prize enough, till its encircling embrace has faded away, will only be waiting for you on the other side, and watching over you, for not even death, could ever make a mother forget; but if you have placed anything, aye, even your career, and your own ambitions, first, and have somehow grown to think of mother's love as a common adjunct to life, something will clutch your heart when this taken-for-granted love has gone, and you will clasp your hands, and hold them out to her, with the deepest anguish that love can offer! The trivial round and the common task, can be glorified by the right spirit, and the day may come when you will thank God on your knees, that you stayed at home to brighten things there—stayed merely to help mother!

You don't, of course, realize how the very presence of your bright young face at her side, your little comings and goings, your laugh on the stairs, the very sense of your presence in the house, are just gladness and happiness unspeakable to her! She will let you go, of course, without a murmur; no one would more fiercely assert your claim to your own life and your own career; and in her self-abnegation she probably urges you on. Her darling is more clever and more talented, she thinks, than anyone! But I would suggest that you would sit down quietly, before the fascinating career is fixed upon, and just ask yourself if you think that your mother can really spare you—if you think that there are no steps in the long day that you can take for her—if you think that it does not brighten her tired face to see you coming in. Girlhood is so impatient, so restless, so eager to grasp the Edelweiss which grows upon the Alpine heights! Does she forget, sometimes, the sweet Heartsease that grows, half-hidden perhaps, in the quiet home-garden? Forget that one day her career, her realized ambition, aye, even wealth and fame will seem as nothing to her when weighed in the balance with that wonderful and tender love which was hers when she did not know how to prize it, but which has now slipped from her life into the shadows? How great the one will seem, and, ah me! how piteously little the rest! — Mrs. N. Marshall, in 'The Young Woman.'

The Housekeeping Profession

There is no nobler calling than housekeeping. The drudgery lies in the fact that we do not appreciate our vocation and systematize our work. The scriptural injunction to 'walk worthy the vocation wherewith we are called' is as applicable to housekeeping as to any other.

As much of housekeeping clusters around the dining-room and kitchen, let us see what improvements may be made there. The floors should be kept nicely swept, and the chairs set out of the way. I have seen rooms where the sweeping was delayed until the crumbs, grease, fruit, etc., were tracked into the floor. Too much furniture in kitchen or dining-room makes more work and tends to give the room a disorderly look. The stove may be kept looking nice with an occasional blacking, and a brushing off after each meal with an old broom saved for the purpose. A stove may be made to shine with half the labor, by using an old broom instead of a brush. An oiled or painted floor saves much scrubbing. A woodbox on castors is a profitable investment, and costs little. A wide shelf in the dining-room will serve for a sideboard, if no better can be afforded.

I have in mind a comfortable kitchen and dining-room in one. The housekeeper is over seventy years old, makes butter, feeds chickens, and attends to the many nameless duties of a farmer's wife. The room is large, the walls white, wainscoting and floor dark, and both are oiled. The stove and the utensils used in cooking are always clean. They are kept so by a little attention to each dishwashing. Behind the stove is a rack where the boys hang their coats to dry. There are white Swiss curtains, discarded from the sitting-room, at the windows. On the shelves, built over the window sills, are blooming plants and a green vine which climbs up the curtain. The long mantel which holds the clock, lamps, etc., has a washable cover of cream canvas, cross-stitched in red. The floor is kept clean by a little wiping with clear water; sometimes it is treated to a milk wash, as this gives it a polish.

The greatest charm of the room is the housekeeper. Her brow is smooth, her face is peaceful. Her motto is, 'There'll be another day.' She is never discomposed by unexpected company, but sets what she has on a clean cloth, and makes no apology. People who come unaware must take 'pot luck.' I have often thought, when seeing the worry of some of the sisters, 'Better is a dinner of herbs and quietness therewith than an houseful of sacrifice with strife.'—'The Housekeeper.'

Dont's for the Bathing Season.

(By Captain Dalton, Official Instructor to New York Volunteer Life-Saving Corps, and Champion Swimmer of the World.)

Don't go in swimming if you are tired out from bicycle-riding or a long walk.

Don't go out further than a depth equal to your own height if you are liable to heart failure.

Don't swim away from the crowd if you are not certain you are an adept swimmer.

Don't stay in the water a minute after you have become fatigued or chilled.

Don't let your friends dare you to swim further than you have swum before.

Don't attempt to rescue another person from drowning unless you are a good swimmer yourself.

Don't feel that your duty demands that you plunge in after every person who is liable to be drowned; remember that a drowning man is a lunatic and is liable to drag you to your own death unless you are capable of floating with a heavy load under all circumstances.

Don't plunge into the water to save a drowning person without first shouting loudly for help.

Don't loose your equilibrium because a fellow-swimmer is in danger of drowning; confused heads cause more drowning than inability to swim.

Don't throw yourself into the water to rescue another if a rope or a boat is within reasonable reach.

Don't lose your courage or your head if you happen to find yourself too far out to swim back yourself; simply turn on your back, place your hands under your back, paddle with your feet, and, above all, breathe naturally.

Don't yell at a man in danger of drowning; the best swimmer will drown if subject to a sudden fright.

Don't get frightened if you have a cramp, a cramp always comes in an arm or leg; so simply raise the cramped part out of the water, float easily and rub the cramped part for a few moments, when you will be all right once more.

Don't stand on the bank after a swim until you have had yourself dried off with a towel.

Don't go in swimming within three hours after eating.

Don't push another person into the water with the foolish but popular notion that you can thus teach him to swim; the best way is to let a person first get accustomed to being in the water, gradually going a little deeper.

Don't come in front of a drowning person to rescue him; approach him from the rear and grasp him by both biceps, and the more he struggles the more aid does he unknowingly give you to help him ashore.

Don't strike a man on the head to make him unconscious if he resents your aid while drowning; such a plan, though common in America, is as foolish as it is cruel and dangerous.

Vegetables.

Turnips should be pared, put into boiling water and cooked until soft, then mashed thoroughly, buttered, salted and a good spoonful of sugar added.

Carrots are best peeled after boiling. When soft, cut them in slices lengthwise, and pour over them a drawn butter. This is the nicest way to serve them.

Celery should always be eaten when freshly cut. We have time and again been disappointed in finding it flat and shreddy from having been kept too long, instead of crisp and delicious as it is when fresh.

Cabbage should always be boiled in two waters. The outer, grosser leaves should be pulled off, and it should be put into boiling water and cooked until tender to the core. A previous good soaking in cold water is desirable and needful.

Onions are among the most appetizing and wholesome of vegetables. The outer skin is pulled off before cooking in any form. Put them in hot water, and boil until a wisp from the broom will pierce them readily. One of the simplest, most delightful ways to prepare them for the table is to salt, butter and pepper them, and pour over them some cream of moderate thickness. A drawn butter sauce is nice when cream is not procurable. Any soup, chicken or meat pie, chowder or stew, is incomplete to most palates without the flavor imparted by an onion or two.

Housekeepers in general would laugh at the idea of being told anything with reference to cooking potatoes. Yet many good housekeepers fail of knowing how much improved potatoes may be by having the skins removed and being allowed to stand in cold water for about half an hour before being boiled. Or, some may not realize how mealy potatoes will come that have been boiled with the skins on, by being pared, returned to the kettle with no water in it, covered carefully, and left to steam a little while on the back of the stove. Always put them in boiling water to cook, salting it slightly before taking them up.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

10 PACKETS CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS for 12 CENTS SMITH SISTERS Swansea, Ont.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'